



VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SIX

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"NUBISM... ON & OFF STAGE"

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"THE BALCONY"

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COVER AND COLOR INSERT:

LISA REED

by

LOU GREEN



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A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair, posing on a tufted sofa. She is wearing a strapless, light-colored dress with a wide, dark belt. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The background features a framed picture of a city street and a wicker lampshade.

*Frankly
Naughty!*

That describes all the lovely models in this NEW issue. It has 72 pages filled to the brim with EXCLUSIVE photos you won't find in any other magazine. This devilish darling is Laura Vickers, who personifies that old but ever delightful phrase, NAUGHTY—BUT NICE!!!

Mary Carter

by

JAMES MARLOWE

When I came back to the office after lunch she was sitting there, her feet close together like a schoolgirl, her bag gripped on her knees and the light reflecting from her plain horn-rims so that at first I couldn't see what color her eyes were. She was poised so tensely, with her heels off the floor that I had to look twice to see that her shoes were of the ballet-dancer type, in a pale brown. There was no lipstick and no decorations and the stockings were of the serviceable variety, though the legs they encased were pleasant enough. She stood up, blinking a little. She wore a brown dress of extreme simplicity and here—and there it had the faint shine of wear. It buttoned up to her throat but it had been made for her and it fitted her gently swelling hips and managed to suggest soft thighs. Only she wouldn't have liked it if I'd said anything about her thighs. I guessed that school teachers dislike remarks like that from strange men. If she wanted employment you would pick her out of a hundred as dependable, quiet, efficient and not likely to leave suddenly to get married.

She licked her lips before she spoke and then she said "What are your charges?"

I signed to her to sit down and I went round my desk and sat down myself.

"It depends on what I get asked to do. Also how long it takes."

Out of kindness—being silly that way—I added, "And it sometimes depends on what the client can afford to pay."

She looked at the handbag and said, "I couldn't afford to pay much."

She started to get up but I waved her back again. She perched her slightly shiny sit-upon on the very edge of the chair.

"I'm listening," I suggested.

She licked her lips again. I was wishing that girls like her would realise that lipstick and pretty dresses exist not only for the pleasure of those who wear them. They also make life more bearable for those who have to look at them.

"I'm a secretary," she said. "My name's Mary Carter. I work for Sylvia Parks."

From the way she looked I was supposed to know who Miss Parks was. But I didn't.

"She's a film-actress. She's only playing small parts now," she hastened on, "but she's good and she'll be famous soon. I know she will."

"Let's hope you're right, Miss Carter."

I remembered how in the gilded palaces of vice that New York and New Orleans sported in the nineteen hundreds they always had one or two startlingly ugly hags among the beautiful courtesans. It made the courtesans look even more beautiful by contrast. Maybe Miss Sylvia

Parks had something of the same idea. I wouldn't know. A private detective has funny thoughts like that. Sometimes it's a useful habit.

"And what sort of trouble are you in, Miss Carter?"

"It isn't me, really. It's Miss Parks. Somebody is going to kill her."

"A film critic?"

She went very red.

"That wasn't funny and anyway I've always thought murder was a serious matter!" she snapped.

"I have an idea along those lines myself. Don't mind me. I have to sound tough. Inside I'm a blushing red rose."

She looked at me for some time. Then she went on.

"A man called her. Three times. I answered the phone. He said he had to speak to her personally. I said she was in the bath and couldn't come. He said—he was rude—he said something I try to forget and insisted on talking to her. She came out of the bathroom just then and heard me talking and made me give her the phone. While she listened she went absolutely white. Then she put the phone down quickly and told me to get her a drink. She was shaking like a leaf. I asked her what it was about and she said it was nothing. But the man rang again when she was out and I said she was out. And he laughed and said "Then take a message, sweetheart! Tell her I haven't made up my mind what day she's going to die but it'll be soon. Don't forget to tell her!" and he

I slid my arms round her waist. Yielding, lissome and warm; her stomach muscles rippled as she turned to me . . .

hung up. I told her and she made me swear I wouldn't do anything. I wanted to ring the police. But she went almost mad and said if I did she'd kill me. I've never seen her that way!"

"And after that there was a third call?"

"Yes. And she was out again. He said 'Any time now, sweetheart! And I am looking forward to it!' and he laughed and hung up."

I played with the blotter on my desk.

"Why do you say you can't afford much? Surely Miss Parks earns a good salary."

"She doesn't know I'm here! I want to help her! I wanted her to come to a detective but she went mad on me again. So I came anyway."

She sat still like a parrot on a perch. Her brown hair was thick and parted on one side and caught up with a brown clip. I guessed her underwear would be totally uninteresting.

She said, "And then to-day there was a man hanging around outside, watching the apartment all the time she was at the studio. I'm scared! So I came to you."

"Where does she live?"

She told me. I knew the place. On top of some office buildings somebody had built a series of penthouse apartments and let them at high rent. You could have a party for two up there and only the sparrows would be shocked.

A girl could advance herself rapidly on the road to stardom away up among the stars themselves.

"Is she in there now?"

"No—she's at the studio."

"I'll come and see her at eight to-night."

"She won't let you in."

"You know how to open a door, I guess?"

She pouted. "I won't be there. She doesn't like me staying in the evening."

Miss Parks had a point there, too, I reckoned. A school teacher around evenings would be like sitting up with your conscience.

"I see. When do you leave?"

She said, "I could stay as late as I dared—and then leave the front door unlocked."

"What about the street door?"

"There's a secret switch for that. Low down on the left lintel. Press and the door unlocks. It rings a bell upstairs but I'll disconnect that."

We looked at each other. I let myself unemotionally survey her face. Maybe my expression was sour—I've been around. Her eyes were large and open, unblinking and misty. Mouths show more character than people think. I studied hers. The top lip had a soft flattening in the centre as if she still wore, as it were, her first kiss. With lipstick it could have been a touch of sensuousness. Without lipstick her mouth was still curiously exciting. Involuntarily the tip of my tongue was licking my own lips as I looked at hers, imagining the taste of them. I forced my eyes away from her mouth. Ridiculous to contemplate kissing such a plain Jane.

I squirmed in my seat, feeling somewhat like a schoolboy caught drawing lewd fantasies of his teacher without her clothes on. But my eyes had a mind of their own. They continued on a downward path. Her chin was small but firm, determined. But it was saved from austerity by a disarming dimpled cleft in the center.

Her neck was a slim white column and I could picture it without that stupid brown dress covering it. I could picture that neck descending to shoulders of the same creamy texture, uncluttered by anything so mundane as a shiny brown dress. Then beneath the shoulders would be two soft mounds of quivering flesh. Even under the dress I could see them rise and fall with every breath she took. The thin cloth did little to hide the twin erect points—with an effort I tore my eyes away.

She began to get flushed under my scrutiny. She pointed to her bag and whispered, "About the money..."

I shrugged.

"Don't lose any sleep. I usually chisel some dollars out of somebody before I finish a case. If all else fails I know an old woman across the tracks who keeps fifty iron men in some hiding place. Squatting her on the stove would soon make her talk. We'll discuss money later."

She looked at me for a long time.

"I hope you're all right," she said in the end.

"I'd hate to be what you'd call right," I said, "but I think you can trust me. Mother brought me up on strict honesty. Ask her—she'll be out next month."

"Don't play games!" she said, getting up angrily. "This could be murder!"

"When it is we'll weep. I'll be there at eight. Don't wink at strangers on the subway—any of them might be That Man."

She looked at me once more as if she only had to wave to make the flies rise up from me in swarms. Then she took her bag

and tried to smile and found she couldn't.

She went, closing the door carefully behind her shiny-worn flanks.

I sat and looked at it from various directions.

Man threatens starlet. Starlet doesn't grab some of the law she pays taxes for. So starlet must be afraid to. Ergo; starlet has probably been a wicked, naughty girl. Man is aware of starlet's wicked naughtiness. Man wants not starlet's death—which is only a test to see if she calls for the johns—but something else. And not what men usually want from starlets. What all people usually want from anybody.

I leaned back and thought some more.

I could have thought a lot about how vulnerable actresses are to suspicion. But instead I found myself thinking that it was a pity about the shine on that skirt. And I remembered that as she walked out the left stocking-seam was a little off-center. (I notice things like that. Nasty me.) That, too, was a pity. They were nice legs. I let myself think about that. In shorts of white sharkskin, say, brief enough and taut enough to display the first curves of what the shine had covered. Or maybe opera-length black hosiery, up, way, way up to emerald shorts and a topless something.

Something that wouldn't quite hide those sensitive little tips that insisted on making their presence known in spite of the ugly brown dress. Maybe one of those tubular knit affairs, strapless, the kind that have a habit of slipping down

when there's swelling flesh inside begging to pop out. Begging to be touched, fondled, kissed.

I laughed at myself.

Maybe I should go back to first grade.

I got up, took my snood off the hook and went out. At the corner I took afternoon tea in the form of rye on the rocks.

I had dinner at my usual place where the Vienna steaks are good if you don't try to think what's gone into them. My mind still ran on legs. Legs and ivory thighs and to join one to the other, saffron-yellow garters.

I sat over a second rye on the rocks and thought further. There was a man who said that the Flatiron Building made him think of sex. He explained that it was because everything made him think of sex. I always felt that he and I would have been buddies. But this time it was more than that. A girl wears no lipstick. She dresses in a fusty suit and looks shocked if you say "bed" and faints if you make it a double-bed. And after she's gone you daydream of sleek legs in fabulous nylons, lit by firelight and revealed by a well-organized accident.

Somewhere it made sense but I couldn't get it. I wanted to get it so I went round to get the car and on the way I dropped in the

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sewer I laughingly called home and picked up That Thing—the one with the blue barrel and fluted grip that is bad for finger-prints. It fitted nicely in the small holster and didn't show when I put my coat on again.

It was a fair drive out to the apartment. I dawdled because it wasn't yet eight and also I wanted it to be dark.

I left the car at the corner of the block. It all had the look of office districts after hours. As if the plague-wagons had been round and removed all the bodies and all that needed to be done was just to disinfect the entire area. There were no dark sedans containing small men with dark hats and tiny moustaches. No big saloons with radio-antennae and searchlights and somebody smoking inside.

The door looked like an entry to offices. There was no knob. But I found the button—down on the left. There was a sigh like

a protesting virgin—as quiet as that—and the door showed a crack of pale electric light. I pushed it open and started up the stairs. They were stone, unemotional and undecorative and as furtive as a postcard pedlar.

I went up silently for not quite five years, turning corner after corner.

Then there were stars on a velvet sky and expanses of roof, boxes of flowers, colored sunshades and little tables and in either direction illuminated penthouses, separated by rows of shrubs. The nearest was hers. That too was alight. The door was closed and the light spilled out from the other side of the apartment where there was probably a glass door to walk out to the garden hand in hand to look at the stars and get away from all these people, darling. It was pretty silent.

I tried the door. It gave a little. School teachers never tell lies.

The little hallway was gay. On the wall a shallow vertical box was subdivided into a hundred shallower smaller boxes and each box was painted inside with a different color and contained a small china figure. A ballet dancer. A curled-up red setter. A nude girl. An elephant with scarlet caparison. A gay little jockey with round cheeks . . .

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You could see into a long room that had walls of pink and a black ceiling and somebody breathing just out of sight, just around a corner, waiting and listening.

All the floors had one allover carpet of white. I could walk on that like a fly clumping about. I walked—but that Thing was in my hand by now.

He was standing close to the glass door, lit by a lamp on a low table, so his face had tiny creases like an actor near the footlights. He was young, dark and wore a dinner jacket of white.

He looked at me with eyes that were so wide open the whites gleamed like pebbles.

She lay on the sofa between us. Her shoes showed me the spike heels and the soles. I thought, funny how the soles always show only when you're dead. "Turn up your toes" is maybe a good expression. She was in white lame, her shoulders were bare and her hair was a chestnut torrent down to her arms. Her back was towards me. She had beautiful hips and the lame skirt was slit to the hollow behind one knee. Something had dripped to the white carpet in front of her. It could have been scarlet paint.

He looked at That Thing and his mouth—it was a weak, small mouth—quivered. I went over to him slowly.

He tried to grin. It came out a babyish snarl. There was something on his hand that matched the pool on the floor. I had That Thing in his general direction. He didn't care for it much.

I was near enough now. I bent over her. The torrent of hair partly hid her face. I saw a

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mouth like an enamelled flower and long lashes that lay on the curve of her cheek like lilies on a grave. I looked at her mouth for a long time. Too long.

He must have had the glass door open. There was a breath of evening air, a stumble and he was gone.

I took three strides to the swinging glass door. He was only four yards away and he made a good target against the stars. I lifted That Thing. I fired twice to make certain. The acrid smell began to tinge the atmosphere and mingle like a dirty joke with her perfume.

I closed the glass door carefully and turned. The dead girl was sitting up, her eyes enormous and her hands on her pert bosom.

I said "Welcome back from judgment. How did you make out?"

"You—you—shot him!"

I blew down the barrel of That Thing, sniffed it like a bottle of brandy and put it back where it lived.

"Old Two-gun, they used to call me on the Border. They said of me that when I deaded 'em they stayed deaded. If I'd shot you, for instance, you wouldn't be sitting up so soon—"

She kicked out with satin shoes and jumped up, white as her dress. She wasn't tall, I could see into the dividing cleft of her.

"Aren't you going to see if he's dead? Why don't we call a doctor?" She was on the verge of a scream.

"A doctor wouldn't help him any."

"God! What am I going to do?" she wailed.

"Try taking an aspirin. It's the only useful thing I can think of

right now. You wanted a body-guard. You have one. With a big gun."

She fought to gather her wits together. The struggle was visible. At last the enamelled lips smoothed out the wrinkles round them, the eyes returned to focus on me, she managed to smile.

"After all," she whispered, "you did it. I was pretending—it was going to be a joke . . ."

"On me, sweetheart?"

She licked her lips.

"Yes."

"Just for the hell of it. Just to tell over the dinner-table. Just, maybe, to make a good story for the papers."

"Yes."

"It makes a better story this way. 'Homicide in starlet's penthouse apartment. Sylvia Parks held. Tells D.A. it was all a joke.'"

A tiny bead of perspiration quietly glittered near the corner of her eye.

"You—you're in it, too."

"Yes. Right in it. A good way would be to iron you out too and leave the gun. 'Starlet kills lover—slays self. Double tragedy in love-nest.'"

"You wouldn't!"

"It would let me out, sweetheart."

She moved closer. She was trembling all over.

"You could get rid of—him. The river—" she muttered hoarsely. She sat down again on the sofa and leaned forward to appeal to me. That way I could see far, far down. That damned imagination of mine began to see visions of a white shape with arms that twined like snakes.

I said "I liked that dress from the first."

She looked startled. She looked down. Something leaped into her eyes and she moved one bare shoulder towards me and a little upwards as if she were going to kiss it.

"It is a nice dress," she murmured, putting on a different voice, a voice that Eve probably used when she carried something round and red to Adam. "It could so easily come off," she went on. "It just depends on a fastener—under here."

She showed me. Her armpit was a smooth warm hollow.

"If you could do what I asked you to," she smiled.

"Get rid of him?" I asked.

She nodded quickly.

I slid my arms round her waist. Yielding, lissom and warm, her stomach muscles rippled as she turned to me.

Slowly, I kneaded the small of her back with my palms. Her breath began to come in short rapid pants. Any moment the

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few inches of white lame that were all that kept her from being truly Eve would slide down.

I drew back and held her at arm's length. I looked into her misty eyes.

I said, having tormented her long enough, "Consider it done. In fact it is done. He's miles away."

"Don't—don't joke—I couldn't bear another wisecrack."

"I'm not joking. The time for joking is over. He's young. He can run. The way he ran for the stairs showed that. And he runs even better when a couple of slugs whistle around his ears."

"You—you didn't hit him?" she gasped.

"I didn't even try. Lipstick and white lame and a topless dress change a girl a lot. But lip-

stick doesn't change the shape of a mouth, Miss Mary Carter. Or Sylvia Parks, whichever you prefer. I looked pretty closely—mouths show character more than anything else. The joke was supposed to be on me, Mary—Sylvia—Eve. Besides, I knew there was a gag in it long before that."

She sat down with her hands over her face and swayed a little.

"How—how did you know? I thought I acted the part beautifully."

"So you did. You looked like the working girl that heaven will protect. But after you'd gone I thought of bedrooms and it didn't connect. The girl Mary Carter was supposed to be should suggest flannel undies but my thoughts strayed to frilly nylon."

She was looking up now and she started to laugh, a nervous, relaxing laugh.

I drew her to her feet and pressed her close.

I said, "You promised that if I played it your way and disposed of the corpus delicti some pleasant things might happen."

She was trembling now but it wasn't fear this time.

She looked swimmy. She wet her lips and parted them a little.

I said, shaking my head, "Uh-huh! It was nice this afternoon. Mary Carter had something more than a stereotyped starlet. Couldn't we tempt Mary to return?"

She stared a moment. Then she smiled her carmine smile.

She said, "I'll go call her."

While she was gone I mixed a drink. I felt I'd earned it. Also a lot more. While I was drinking it I drew the curtains over the glass door and went and locked the front door. I didn't fancy the corpse coming back to see how things were working out.

When she came back she stood shyly in the doorway. Her lipstick was gone. She turned slowly, posing. Her seat still shone, even in the softer light. She even wore the little hat.

This time I had to go to her. I had to bend her back and turn her face to me. But in the middle of the kiss her knees began to go droopy, her mouth began to urge itself on me.

The school teacher said, in a whispering contralto, "This dress isn't so easy to unfasten as the other one."

I said "I like it that way—Mary."

—THE END—

"TRANVESTISM TODAY"

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"EROTIC SYMBOLISM"

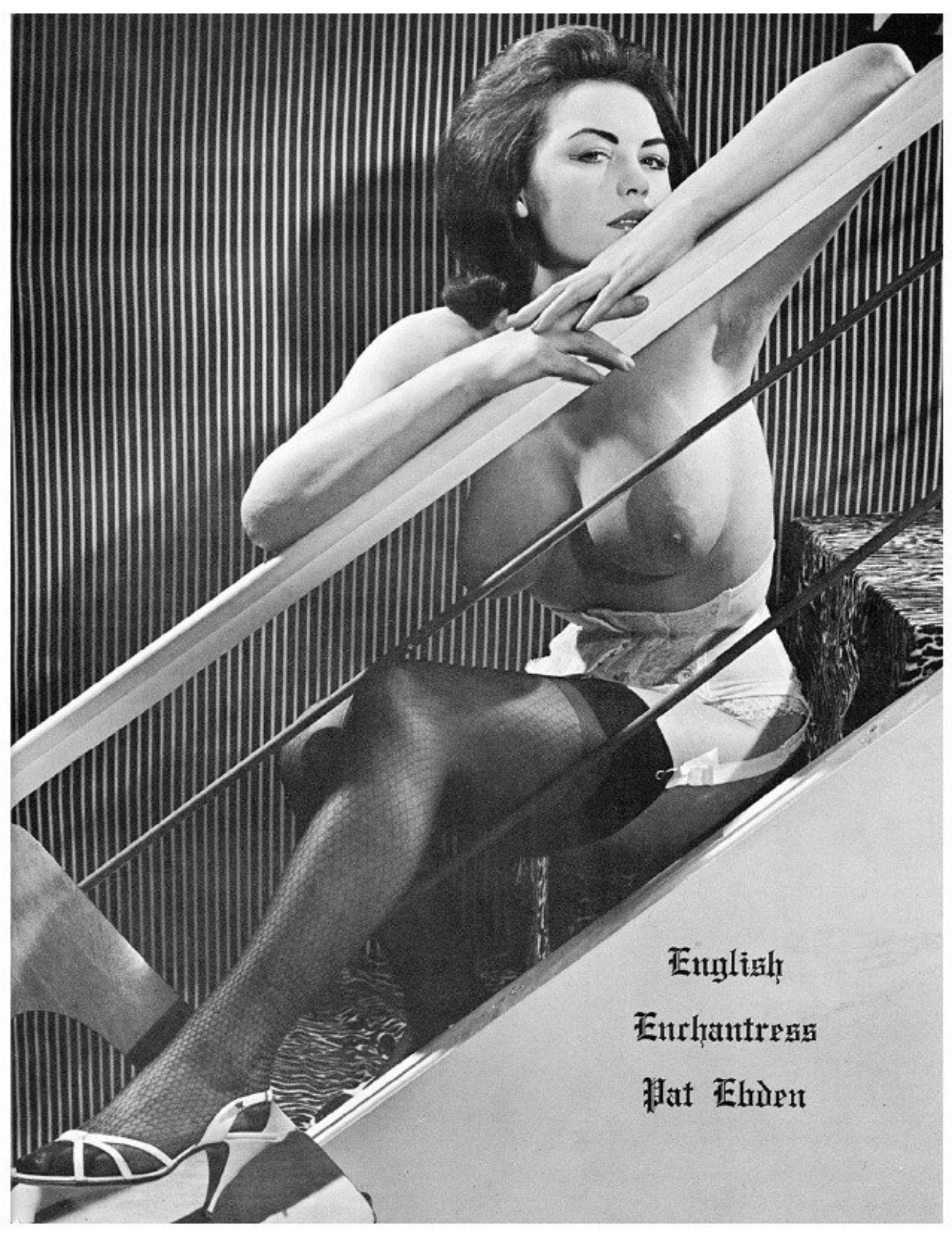
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A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, wavy hair, sitting on a staircase. She is wearing a light-colored, strapless, form-fitting top and dark, patterned shorts. She is leaning back against the railing, with her hands resting on the rail. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a wall with vertical stripes. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her features and the texture of her clothing.

English
Enchantress
Pat Ebdon



Newest model from London is enchanting Pat Ebdon. It wouldn't be surprising if she could trace her ancestry back to those legendary spell-casters of English folklore. It was said of them that with a mere glance from



their mysterious eyes they could bewitch a man so that he was their thrall for life. Just in case it's true, we'd advise you not to gaze too long at Pat's limpid orbs. As for the rest of her — it doesn't take a sooth-sayer to predict what all those lush curves will do to you!





Miss Edden, in addition to capitalizing on her photogenic charms, uses her sultry voice to entrance to patrons of the Celebrite club on New Bond Street — famous for its glittering nite life.

English Enchantress



Pat is part of the spectacular floorshow, "Paul Raymond's Vanities," which opens up with a whirl of gorgeous girls nightly. Pat has film ambitions like most showgirls and has her bewitching eye trained on Hollywood as the next place to cast her spells.



Pat Eiden

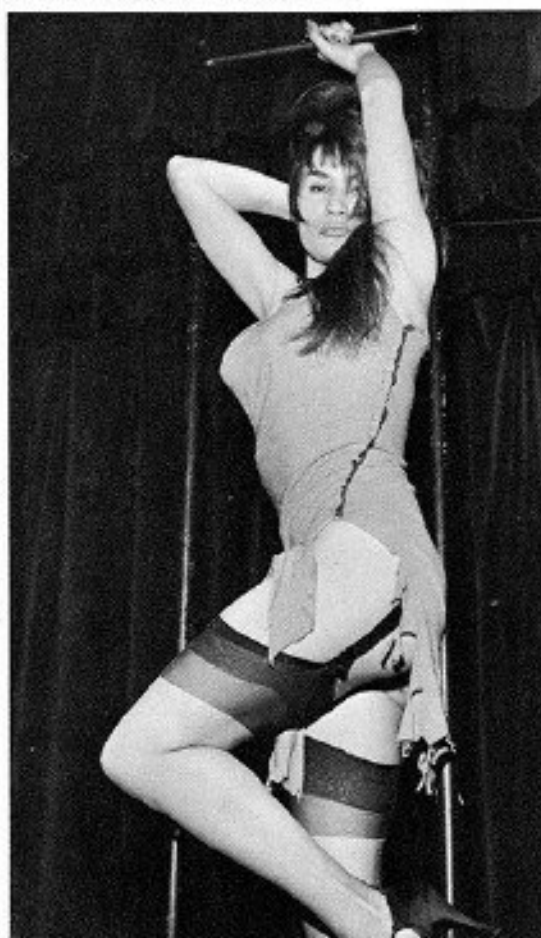
NUDISM — ON AND OFF STAGE



— *The Bare Facts* —

by

CARLSON WADE



A bevy of bare breasted females are twisting and contorting their bodies in rhythm, while fully clothed men are watching. The male faces are aglow with joy at the sight of the soft melon formed breasts, the lyre shaped hips and peaches and cream skin. It is sheer heavenly joy to see the naked lovelies in the near-together.

At the same time, another group of nudies are playing volleyball—or swimming, completely naked. Their healthy skin is glowing in the bright sunshine—in a few moments, these lovely naked girls are joined for a game by a few virile looking men who are every bit as naked as their partners.

Are these dreams? Or, as head-shrinkers put it, are these visions of a wish-fulfillment? None! The truth is that the first scene occurs on the stage of a night club or burlesque theatre. The bare breasted girls are strip-teasers and the fully clothed men are in the audience, enjoying the spectacle of undraped femme flesh.

The second scene occurs in a bonafide nudist camp. Both females and the males (according to the strict rules) must be stark naked. They think nothing of it, so they claim. They enjoy one another's naked company in the bright sunlight.

Is there any difference in the enjoyment of nudity—on the stage or in a nudist camp? An emphatic YES! The truth is that sex means nude and nude means sex. These two are interchangeable. The men (and women) who go to a strip-tease house do so because they are motivated by the sex instinct. They become erotically aroused when they view near-naked girls in performance before them. Something of the "peeping Tom" instinct receives gratification as they sit in the audience or around tables and watch a silky blonde-haired girl under the spotlight, slowly divesting herself of one garment after the other. As her legs become naked, there is a quicken-

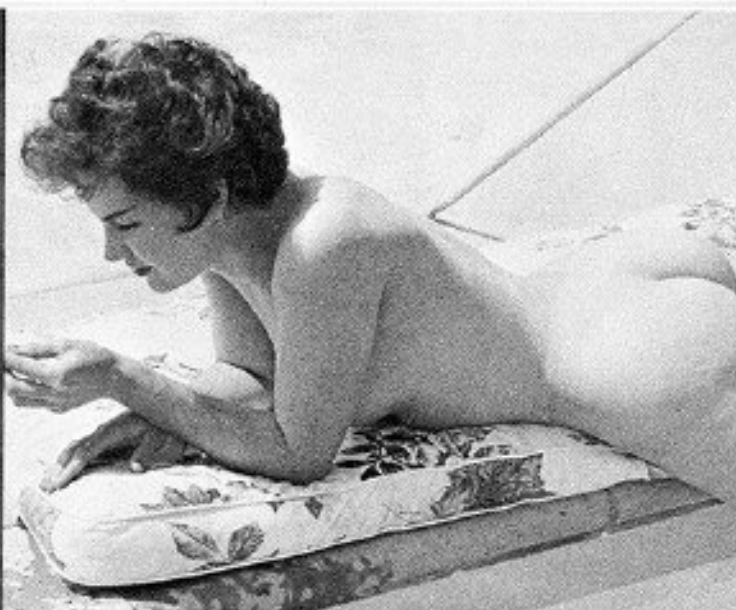


ing of the pulse. Then, as her chest becomes undraped and her huge breasty mounds suddenly plop into view, there are gasps and gapes. When the stripper reaches a stage of virtual nudity (except

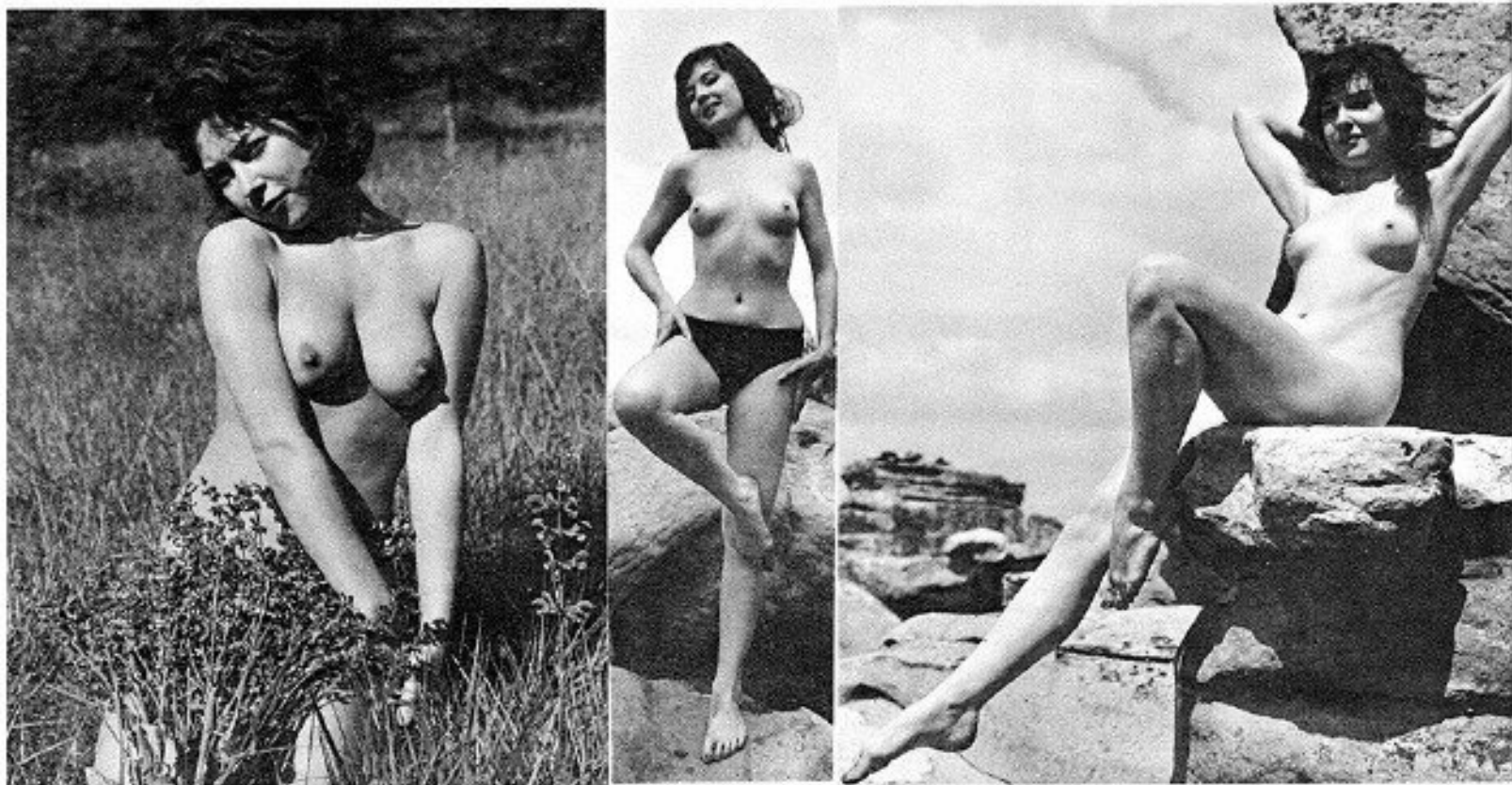
for a G-string) there is the ultimate in erotic stimulation.

Let's now look at the same situation in a nudist camp. The members are usually screened by a special admissions committee

and then they are permitted to enter the "forbidden" sun grounds. Here, they are first shown to their rooms or cabins and given the express orders to divest themselves completely of their clothes

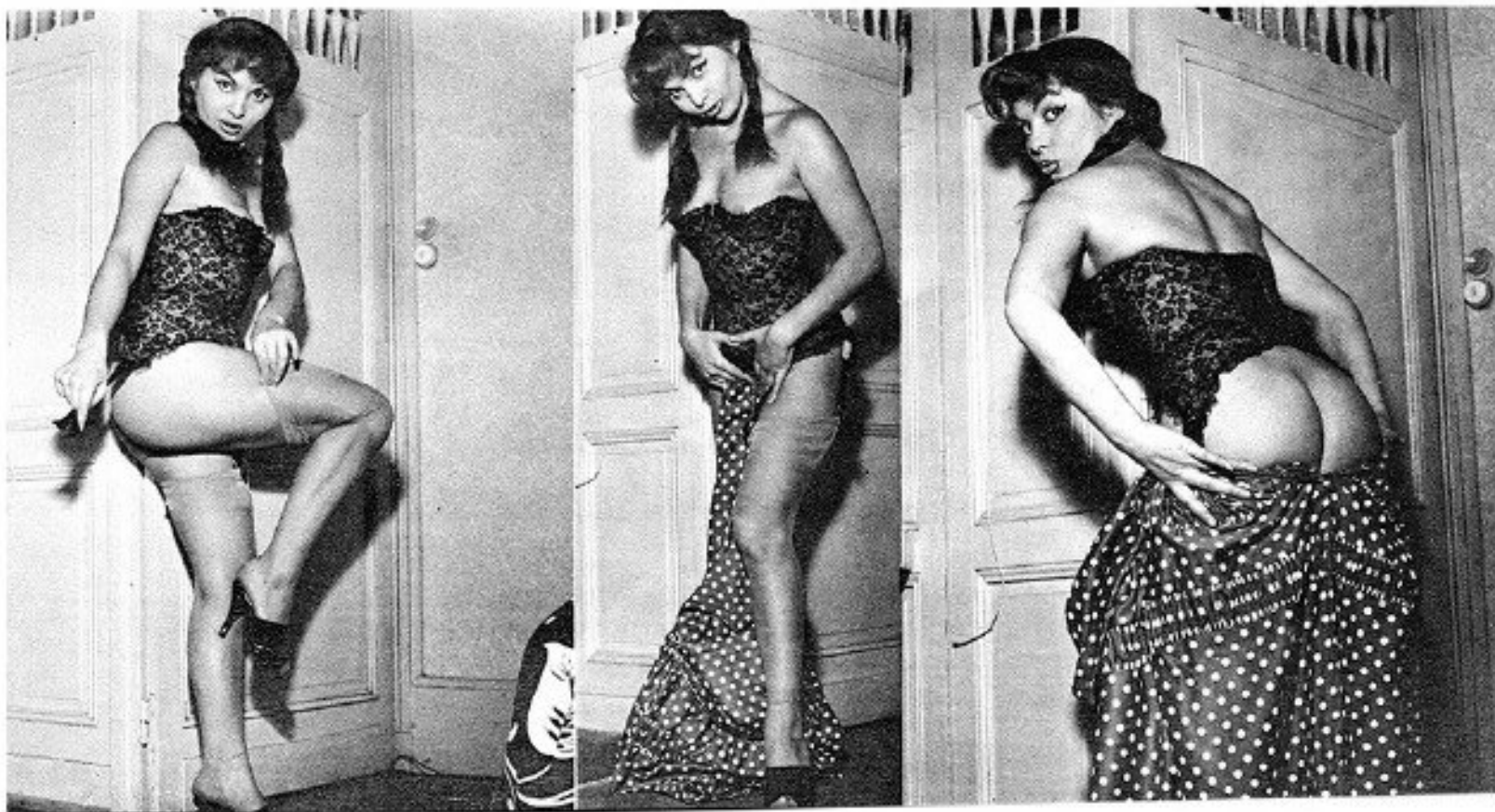


... How do you like your nudism? ...



Wholesome, out-doorsy?

... Or partly covered, strip-teasy?



—and only when they are fully naked (no G strings, no pasties or fig leaves, if you please), are they permitted to join the other happy nudists. The emotions experienced are quite different from those enjoyed when you are fully clothed, and watch nakedness before you. In a nudist camp, you are just as naked as the others and this creates a different form of erotica. It may serve as gratification of your exhibitionistic instinct, but the erotic thrill is not as turgid as if you watch nakedness but do not participate. The "forbidden" angle seems to weaken in a nudist camp. Some of the mystery is gone.

Nudism in a theatre or night club invariably provokes much more erotic response. A glance at some of the patrons who become absorbed with the peeler's actions, whose eyes (and emotions) follow her long-legged movements, the highly scintillating bump and grind which is erotic-symbolism, will reveal their sensuous thoughts. Some patrons give very obvious evidence of erotic arousal when they watch strippers performing in a little skit or act. This is good! It shows that the stripper is successful. Her near-naked body, clad in a G-string and pasties, is a symbol of virility and potency. Some peelers will wiggle their flaring hips, naked as can be, and raise the blood pressure of the clothed watchers in the audience. The very atmosphere of a strip-tease house is that of sensuousness.

Now, take the same girls, strip them of their fig leaf and pasties, put them in a shallow swimming pool and let some of the patrons (now fully naked) join them. What is their reaction? That of

wholesome, clean sport. Nudity loses some of its mystery when it is completely exposed and presented to you without any "tease."

The truth is that there is much more sensuous arousal in a partially clothed female than there is in the same girl who sits beside you on the lawn of a nudist camp. You have "nothing left to the imagination" in the case of the latter. Everything is completely visible—everything on others and on yourself, too. Therein lies the difference between these two forms of nudity.

Perhaps you have glanced at nudist magazines and decided that a visit to such an establishment would be very exciting. You feel that it is better than a visit to a strip-tease theatre because, after all, if you enjoy seeing stage nudity with pasties and a G-string, you'll enjoy off-stage nudity with Nature's glories in full exposure. But the enjoyments are different. On stage, the element of mystery adds to the excitement. Something is held away from you. Forbidden fruit which may not be seen, touched or possessed.

In a nudist camp, the forbidden fruit is fully exposed and you are left with empty thoughts. Furthermore, on-stage nudity is based on erotic impulse. The revolving of the girl's hips as she prepares to do a back-splitting BUMP. The bouncing of her huge chest globes in their fish net bra, the music and the play of lights on the body—all are designed to appeal to the erotic impulse. Off-stage nudity is the reverse—in an official nudist camp, the movement of the body is sparked by Nature's aesthetic impulses. *No exaggerated physical*



SEXUAL SADISM

by Dr. Edw. Podolsky & Carlson Wade

Published 1961. 176 pp. including 18 full pages of photos and drawings. Library bound. \$7.00

This book is the first authentic work which is devoted exclusively to the interrelation between the sexual urge and the sadistic impulse. Includes many case histories.

Contents: Sadism—Its Many Faces; Sadism and the Sexual Libido; King of the Sadists; Strange Flagellation Cults; Sadism Around the World; The Weapons and Methods of a Sadist; and more.



SEXUAL MASOCHISM

by Dr. Edw. Podolsky & Carlson Wade

Published 1961. 176 pp. including 17 full pages of photos and drawings. Library bound. \$7.00

Every important aspect of the sexual abnormality of masochism and its influence on the libido is presented in this volume. Includes case histories.

Contents: The Nature of Masochism; The Pleasures of Pain; The Worship of the Whip; Sexual Problems of the Masochist; Masochism: Its Many Faces; The Secret Life of the Masochist; and more.



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her soft, coral-tipped breasts, is doing this just for YOU. The entire atmosphere is drenched with pleasurable sex and gratification of the erotic impulse. This, most certainly, can arouse your emotions much more than a non-descript girl who asks you to join her in a game of chess in a shady spot of a nudist camp.

Margaret Mead, the well known sociologist, once wrote, "Nudists are attempting to create a world in which it's all right to look, but not to touch." This is true—except, who wants to touch what you can see in front of you all day long? Furthermore, maybe what she has, you don't even want to touch?

Nudism in a camp tends to de-emphasize sex. They regard the human body as strictly utilitarian. It is well known that clothing on the female automatically stirs a desire to see that female naked. If that same woman is seen in a nudist park, completely peeled, her nakedness becomes ordinary—no mystery prevails. She is simple one more naked girl among many other naked humans. The curiosity to see what lies beneath the gown or dress is now evaporated.

Modesty is an emotion that can stimulate almost anyone. In fact, on-stage nudity is often made more scintillating if the peeler feigns shyness. True, the audience is fully aware that this is just an act but they love to dream it is for real. The peeler who openly admits she is so bashful, so shy about taking off her clothes, will stir the vitals of nearly the entire audience. It adds spice and ginger.

In a nudist camp, modesty is tossed to the ground with the

full clothing outfit. Without modesty, the girl is no longer a silken legged, C-cup babe to be mentally stripped and conquered. She's a whole female. The curiosity is gone so let's have a thrilling game of volleyball.

A prominent authority on nudism has stated that this group of naked fun in the sun is devoted to two purposes: to break the body taboo, and to stimulate the desire for healthful family recreation. Furthermore, said this authority, the very foundation of nudism is built on the premise that the nudity-sex complex must be done away with. What a horrible nightmare! Take away the mystery, so what's left?

Conversely, a leading spokesman for nudity on stage in the form of entertainment has said that strip-teasing or exposure of the body beautiful in a theatre is devoted to one single purpose: to stimulate the erotic impulses of the patrons in attendance. This is a most delightful experience. That's why strip-tease houses and acts are increasing by leaps and bounds throughout the country.

Nudism in a private camp is supposed to dispel the so-called puritanical curiosity about the differences of the two sexes. Is this so exciting? No—it's exactly the reverse. It's so completely devoid of pleasurable passion, that we wonder why nudists ever bother to get married! Why should curiosity be eliminated? It takes all the fun out of things. In fact, nudism in a theatre is designed to stimulate your curiosity—that's why you become so stimulated when enjoying a lovely blonde slowly revealing her sensuous parts. You're curious . . . and excited, too. It's so enjoyable to

glimpse the forbidden!

Nudists are open-faced about their beliefs. For example, an article in the *American Nudist Leader* (March, 1959) declared, "One of the prime facts of nudism is the ability of men and women to gather together without clothes and without having sexual interests and emotions aroused." Well, if that's the best nudism has to offer, who wants it?

A glance at most nudist magazines will show you a majority of naked girls in various provocative poses. Very few nude men are shown . . . or, if they do appear in photos, they are usually aged, physically unattractive and otherwise non-descript. The emphasis upon well-shaped young girls with conical shaped breasts, dimpled buttocks, heart-shaped red lips, is designed to attract males. It is well known that the erotic impulse in the male is aroused when he visualizes feminine nudity. In the female, her impulses become stimulated when she is being caressed, made love to, fondled and kissed. She derives little or no stimulation in viewing a naked male. To be sure, there is *some* voyeurism (or "peeping Jane" instinct in the female) but this is a mild response. For this reason, nudist magazines emphasize females because they know their audience will be largely males, who delight in viewing the nude flesh of the opposite sex.

On the other hand, nudist camps appear to be largely populated by females. Where are all the red-blooded American males who yearn to see female flesh in the raw? Hiding behind their clothes. You may not believe it

but the average male is instinctively shy about stripping naked. His erotic impulses are revealed because of his external physical development. As for females, no matter what they may be thinking, you cannot know it because there are no outward signs of sexual arousal as there would be in the male—who, as stated above, has a certain peculiar modesty about revealing his ardor: except in situations where he can obtain gratifications. For this reason, male nudists are frequently in the minority—except those who are devout believers in the sexlessness of the body.

Nudism on the stage is perfectly enjoyed by male patrons, and females, since in the case of the former, it is *expected* that they be erotically aroused and although clothes will obscure their desires, they feel they have nothing to be ashamed of, anyway. After all, a strip-tease is a delightful form of entertainment and what kind of a man would he be if he didn't feel himself responding!

The spectacle of theatrical nudism, with choice performers wearing skin-tight revealing clothes which will slowly be shed to expose lovely breasts as round as beach balls may well be more entertaining than playing tennis with a nude girl—who is as nude as yourself and a hundred others.

Can you have your cake and eat it, too? *Yes!* Here's how—enjoy the pleasure of strip-teasing or theatrical nudity; then, go home and enjoy an arm-chair visit to a nudist camp, via the lavishly colored fun-in-the-sun publications. Modesty—it's sheer heaven!

THE END



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... TAHITIAN TEMPTRESS ...



... TARA ...

One of the latest arrivals on the New York glamour scene is caramel-skinned Tara. A native of Tahiti, Tara came to New York with a touring troupe of dancers and singers — and stayed because the metropolitan way of life offered more opportunities for her talents.



Photographs by Frank Siegfroid





Tara's talents are many. A "temptress" in the grand manner, she has a large collection of hand-made leather outfits like the ones she models on these pages. She uses the costumes and



props as part of her ritualistic song and dance routine. The dance is a frenzy of authentic Tahitian movements, the song a low exciting chant.



Tho she's only been away from her island paradise a short time, Tara has already achieved remarkable success. She's performed in such lively shows as the Palace in Buffalo, the Roxy in Cleveland, the Casino in Pittsburgh, and the Gaiety in Baltimore. She was held over for six weeks at the posh Bal Taborin Club in Quebec City, Canada, and her most recent booking was at the elegant Halferway House in East Hampton, Conn.

Some gals fib about their age, but Tara doesn't have to — she's only twenty-two. As for her measurements, those aren't faked either: she's a firmly packed, gloriously stacked 38-22-36.





*French Flirt:
Marie Bari*



Mademoiselle Bari is a coquette in the real French manner. With a toss of her raven locks or a sly wink she can make the onlooker want to grab the very next plane to Paris!



French Flirt:



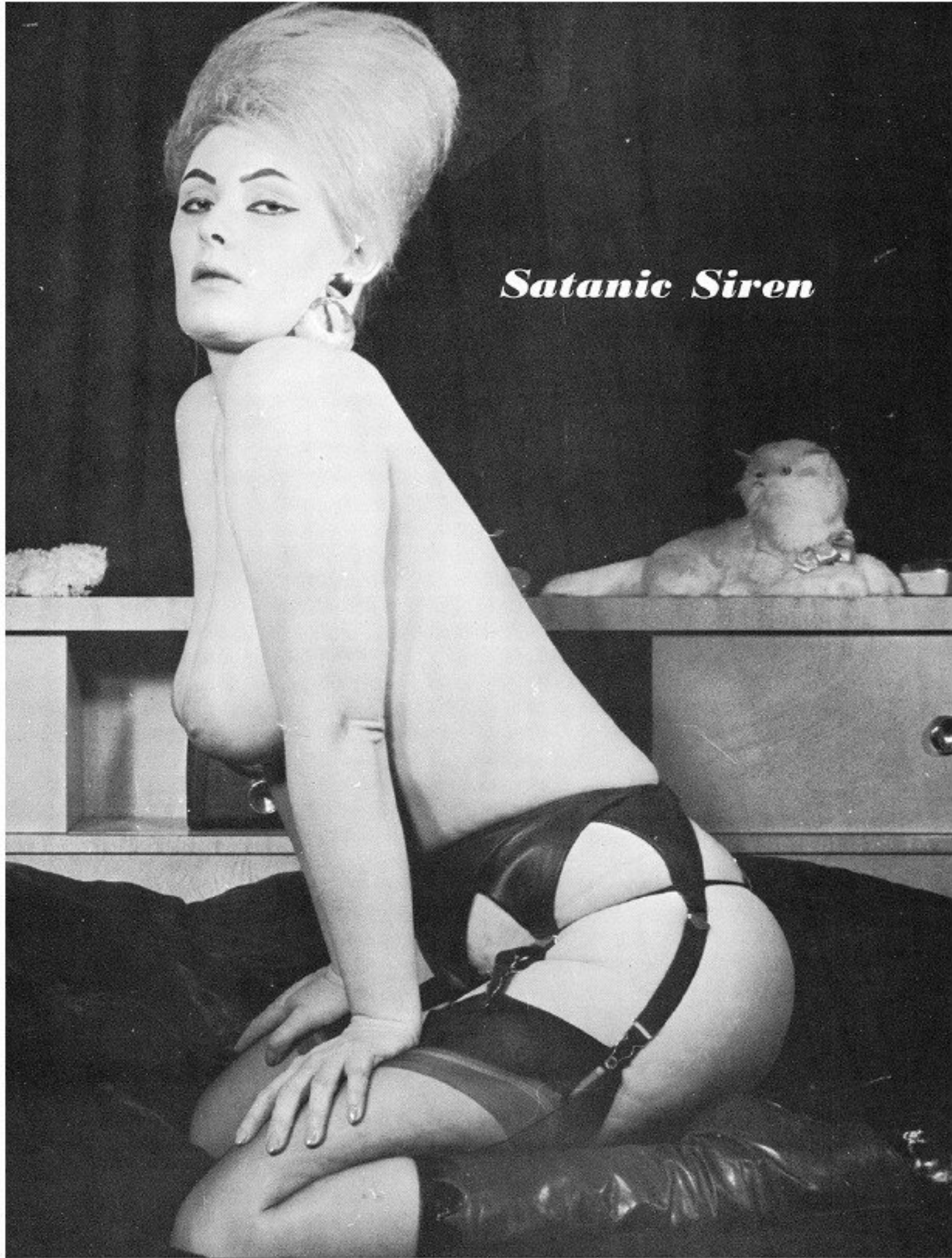


Marie Bari





Satanic Siren





... Lisa Reed ...



SATANA No. 6's featured model is Lisa Reed, whose fair beauty is accentuated by her reserved, almost haughty bearing. Looks deceive, however, in Lisa's case, because in actuality she is both warm and witty. An avid reader and conversationalist, Lisa can hold her own in the fastest repartee, yet all the while manages to retain her allure and femininity.

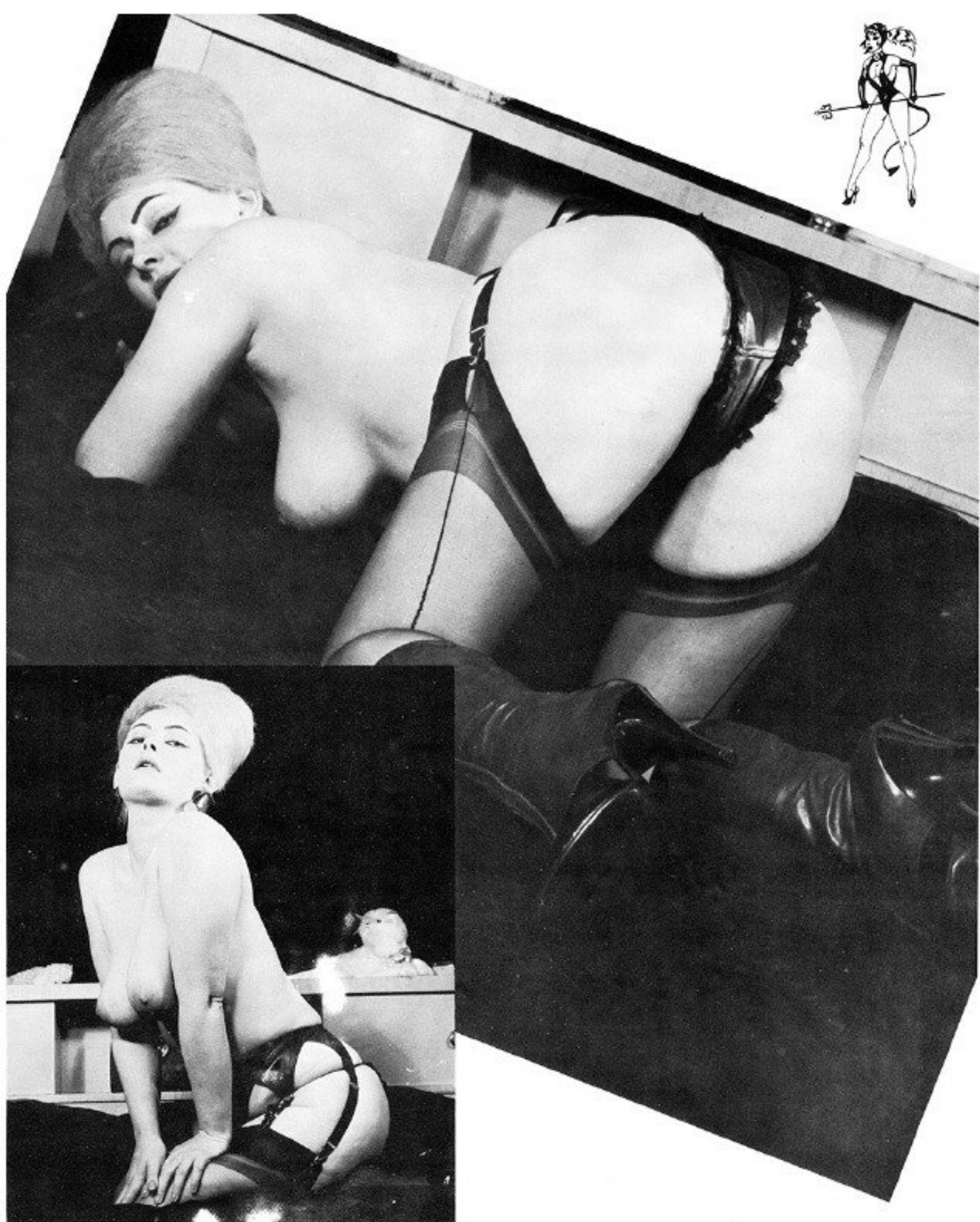
Satanic Siren



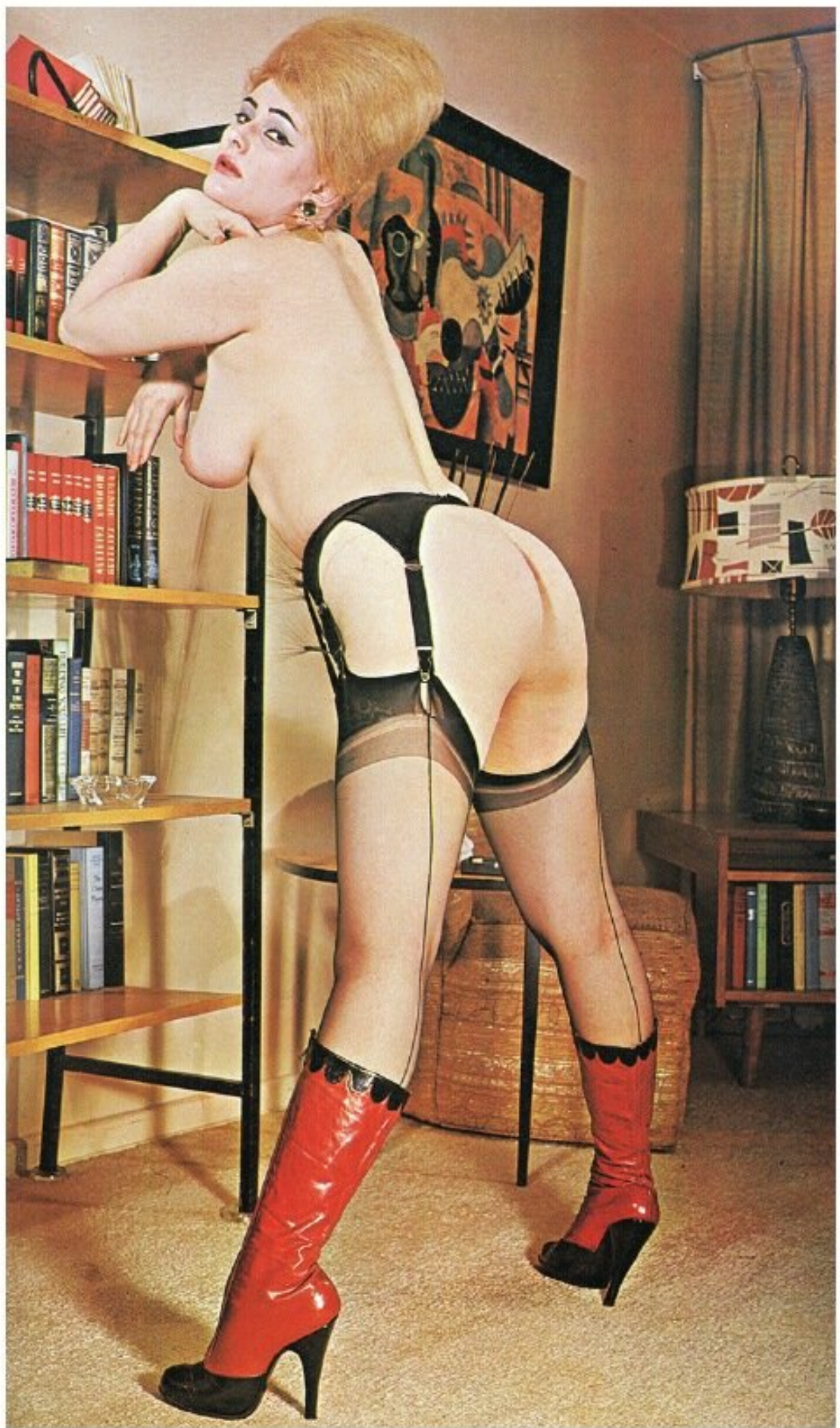


... Lisa Reed ...





Turn the page for a double-spread of gorgeous Lisa in magnificent, life-like color . . .



Satanic Siren





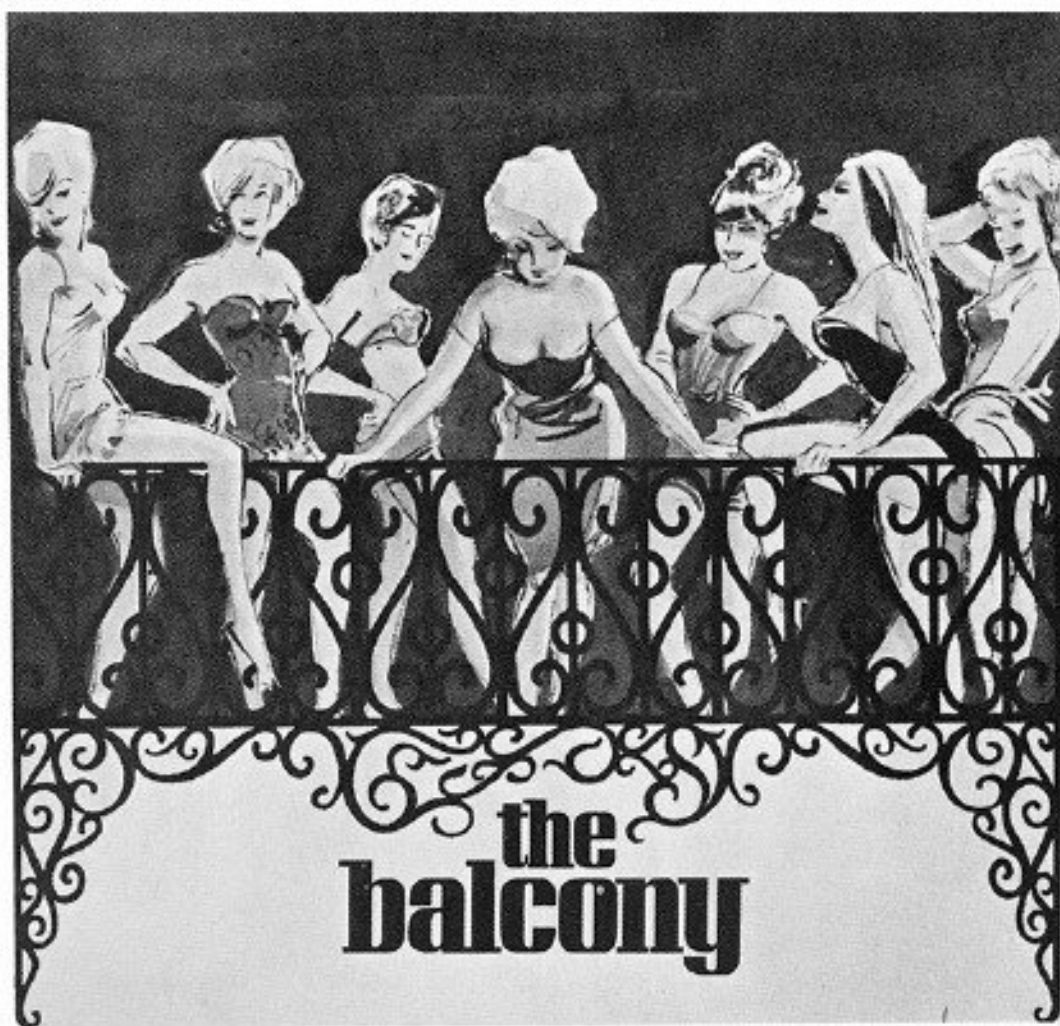




More Exciting Pics
of Exotic Tara

(Continued from page 25)





A CANDID REVIEW OF THE SEASON'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM

by

Betty Edwards





It is a rare occasion when a play is adapted to the screen and retains the plot, the original interpretation of the characters, and even the sets. This is especially unusual when the play is what is known as a "psychological drama," as was Jean Genet's *THE BALCONY*. So it was with great surprise and intense enjoyment that I viewed the film version of *THE BALCONY*. I had seen the play twice when it opened at the Circle in the Square in New York City in March, 1960. At that time it kindled a controversy that continued throughout its two year run. Reactions ran from "fantastic" and "brilliant" to "outrageous" and "shocking." the motion picture based on this unique play has ignited the controversy again.

The exceptionally talented Grayson Hall played the part of the "madam" in the play. This role in the screen version is acted effectively by Shelley Winters, but she lacks the subtlety, the impression of passion rigidly controlled by cynicism, which Miss Hall gave the character. However, this is more than compensated for by the rest of the cast, especially Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Ruby Dee.

The picture is done with a great deal of cinematic imagination, using basically only one setting, a brothel, cleverly interspersed with newsreel shots of mob scenes.

As revolt rages in the city streets, business continues as usual in the highly unusual brothel run by Irma (Shelley Winters).

A vast, converted sound stage divided into various "sets," Irma's establishment caters to her clientele's frustrations and compulsions.

With back-screen projection, sound effects, exotic costumes, realistic props and a versatile staff, Irma sells dreams to those unable to find them elsewhere.

Among them is the unorthodox Greek Orthodox "bishop" (Jeff Corey), a gas company employee in



real life. At Irma's he dons vestments to be transformed and transported by the "confessions of a fair penitent" (Joyce Jameson) supplied by the madam.

There is also the milk man (Kent Smith) who, once inside the brothel, becomes a general, wearing a magnificent uniform while listening enrapt to his marital triumphs, recounted by his "horse" (Arnette Jens), another of Irma's specialists.

And there is the accountant who dreams of being Chief Justice (Peter Brocco). In his judicial robes, before a cardboard jury, he metes out judgements on such prisoners (Ruby Dee) as Irma supplies.

As the fighting moves closer, Irma closes her doors. Whichever way the battle goes, she knows business will be good, once the dust has settled.

Irma's secretary, confidante and special friend is Carmen (Lee Grant), who yearns to quit her clerical duties and return to the more creative work performed by Irma's other girls. Irma is pointing out all she has done for Carmen when the door alarm sounds.

It's the Chief of Police (Peter Falk), battle-stained and slightly wounded.

His fury excites the madam and her secretary. He is almost succumbing to their overtures when Roger, his rival, comes to the brothel. Defeated, the rebel leader (Leonard Nimoy) has brought his shattered dreams to Irma to be mended, to don the Chief's extra uniform for a brief illusion of power.

Although pleased that at last somebody wants to play *him*, the Chief considers Rogers still dangerous. He interrupts Carmen's sensual advances to the rebel, and the two leaders meet face to face.

While conducting an academic discussion, they watch warily for an opening, then suddenly grapple and fall to the floor. Irma's girls converge on the struggling men, swarm over them ripping their uniforms to shreds. Both are nearly naked when saved by Irma's intervention.







Irma will not allow Death, the one ultimate reality, in her place. It's bad for business.

Clad only in the bath towels she has supplied, the two leaders leave her establishment, amiably engrossed in a discussion of the ramification of Power. Hearing renewed gunfire, they stop and eye one another suspiciously. Then, agreeing that it comes "from some other faction, either right or left wing," they part cordially.

And, as she closes the big doors, Irma turns to the audience, tells them, too, to go home, where the illusions they practice are even more false than those she sells at the Balcony.

This is a work of real psychological import, daring, and imagination. For this utmost credit must be given to Genet, to Ben Maddow, who adapted the film for the screen, and to Joseph Strick who directed.

Definitely not for the "family," *THE BALCONY* is, nevertheless a thorough delight for sophisticated audiences.

Darling Devil

LAURA VICKERS





Our devilish darling, Laura Vickers, may look relaxed and nonchalant, but in reality she's a hard-working neophyte actress. She's had much critical praise from the off-Broadway parts she's had, and is held in esteem by the other young actresses and actors with whom she's worked and studied.





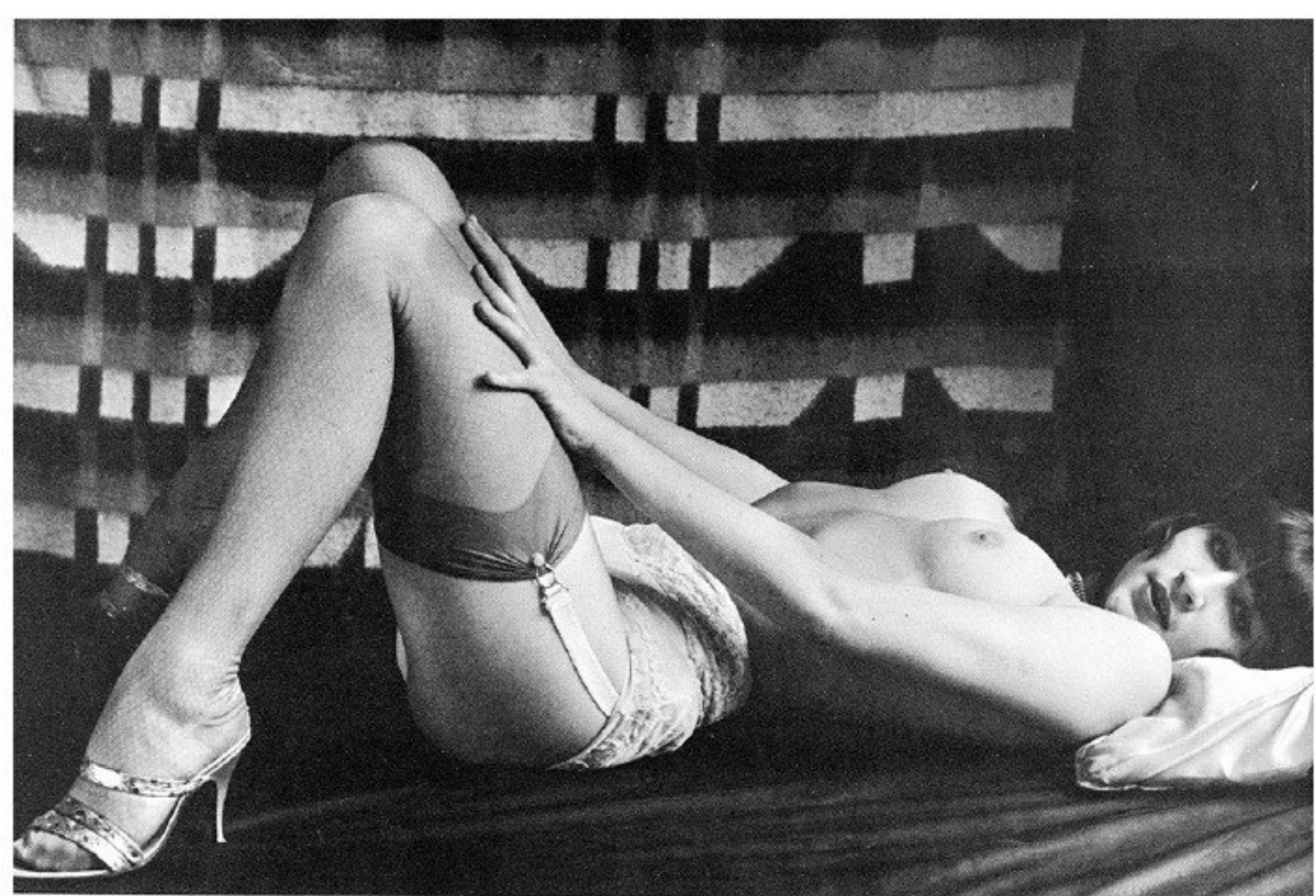


When she isn't rehearsing or modelling, Laura makes the rounds of casting offices and commutes between New York and Los Angeles. She believes that perseverance pays off, if one has the talent to back it up. And it's easy to see that Laura's talents are bountiful!





Irish
Imp



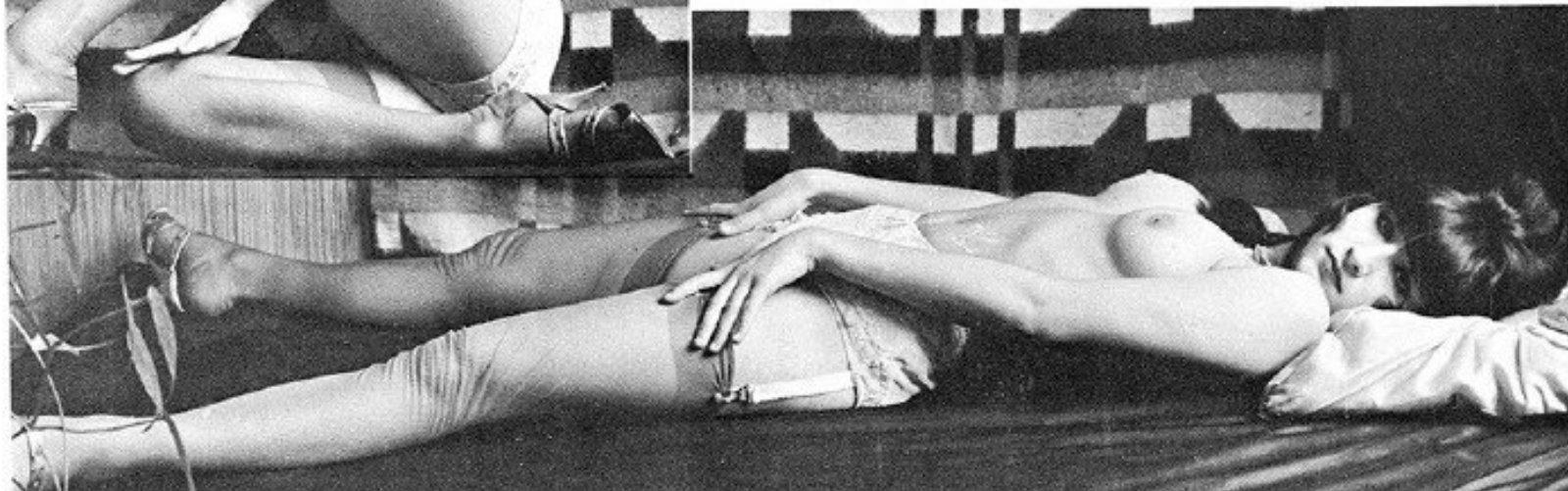
These exclusive photos of Irish-born Nicki were taken in England where the impish colleen is living temporarily. She's another aspiring actress . . .





Nicki Miller

. . . When she lived in Dublin, Nicki studied drama at one of the world's most famous academies & theatres — out of which came such noted players and playwrights as Maureen O'Hara, Greer Garson, Barry Fitzgerald, Sean O'Casey. With this excellent background, plus her obvious beauty, this Irish imp has a big future ahead of her!!!







"BEST SHOWGAL"

Dear Editor:

The best dancer and showgal in the business is Gilda. I notice that you keep getting requests for news of this exotic beauty, and for new pictures of her. As all your readers know by now, she was once the curly headed little moppet in "Our Gang Comedies."

Enclosed are some unusual pictures of this fabulous woman. The costume and make-up she's wearing are designed by her (she's got all kinds of talents!) and she calls them "Ensemble for the Space Age." If women in the future look like this I hope I live a long life!

Good luck with your magazines.

Yours truly,

N.C.R.

Springfield, Mass.

... SPACE AGE ENSEMBLE

by GILDA...

(From N.C.R.)



"SEARCH"

Dear Editor:

Several years back . . . I was in NYC for a convention. A gang of us went on a round of all the nite clubs in Greenwich Village. Must confess we got pretty soused so the evening is a blur to me. But one girl, a dancer and singer, stands out in my mind. She was playing in an all-colored show. She has very light tan skin and a beautiful face and figure. Once you printed some pictures of her but did not give her name. I clipped out one and am sending it to you. Hope you will identify it and print others you have of her. Every time I go back to NYC I search for her but was beginning to think she was a mirage until I saw the pictures in your magazine. Please settle this so I can get some sleep. It's gotten so this beautiful woman haunts my dreams.

... L.H.
Kansas City

(Your search will not end here because the girl you're looking for is lovely Mary Smith, who was working at New York's Club Savannah at the time you were in NYC. Since then Miss Smith has dropped out of sight. Here are some pictures taken before she disappeared from the show biz scene.—Ed.)



... MARY SMITH ...
(For L. H.)



"BEST ARTIST"

Dear Editor: :

You used to print a lot more drawings and cartoons by Bilbrew & ENEG. Stanton is very good also but the first "cheese-cake" drawings I ever liked were by Bilbrew & ENEG. If you have any new ones, please print them.

You might be interested to know that I have a fairly large collection of drawings by these artists. They make great decorations for my den. I think Bilbrew is one of the very best artists in the field.

Sincerely,

M.U.L.

Chicago



"ORDINARY"

Dear Editor:

Some of those letters you get slay me. What these kooks seem to miss is that it isn't what the girl wears that makes her sexy, it's the girl herself.

To prove my point, enclosed is a snapshot of my girl, wearing ordinary clothes, and yet managing to look inviting as all get out.

To each his own . . . let those who want it have their crazy costumes. I'll take a good looking gal in ordinary duds — or, better still, none at all! — any day.

Yours truly,

W.C.B.

Queens, N. Y.



... NEW DRAWING ...

(For M.U.L.)

"QUERY"

Got my first copy of your magazine, Issue No. 4, and am eager to get the back ones and all future ones.

In your "Epistles to Inferno" column, another reader, R. L., wrote that he likes "dominant females," and asked you to print some of your best. On page 42, you printed pictures of a fascinating model. My question is, who is she? And . . . would you print some more pictures of her?

Hope to see many more of your entertaining and exciting magazines on the stands . . . I'll buy them all if this is a sample!

Sincerely,

A.R.V.

Houston, Texas

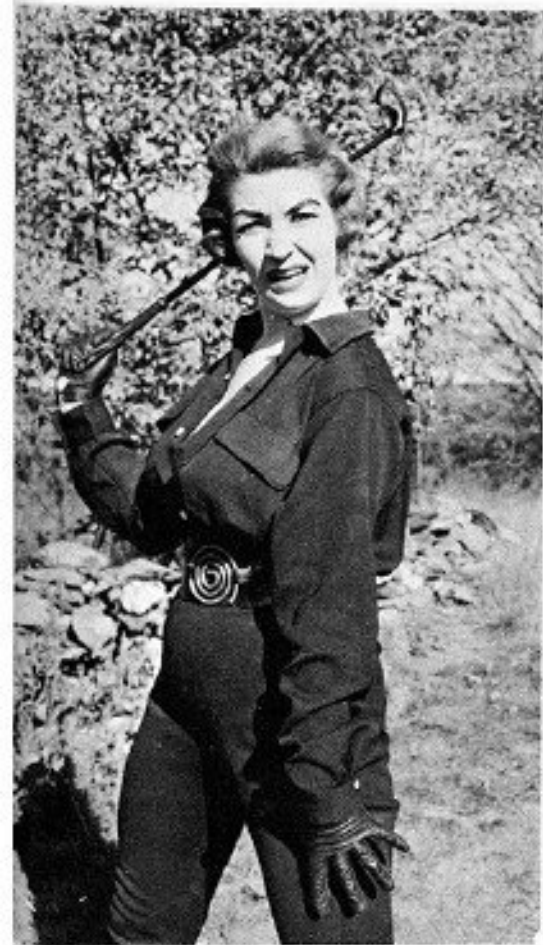
(The model our new reader wants identified is Diane Kaye. Here are more pictures of her.)



... DIANE KAYE ...

(for A.R.V.)

...DIANE KAYE...
(for A.R.V.)



...BABY LAKE...
(For L.E.G.)



"ANOTHER REQUEST"

Dear Editor:

I buy all your magazines. Even my wife gets a kick out of reading them.

In your letters to the Editor column please print some pictures of one of the cutest and most talented models and showgals, Baby Lake.

Very truly yours,

L.E.G.

Toledo, Ohio

"BIZARRE"

Dear Editor:

The word "bizarre" has come to have more than one meaning, as you seem to understand. The costumes some of your models wear are really "far out." How about one of a true Satana type, wearing mask, wide collar, etc. These adornments make a woman look mysterious and much more interesting than the ordinary bra-and-panties so many pin-up models wear.

...V.J.T.

Chicago, Ill.



...BIZARRE OUTFIT...
(For V.J.T.)



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"IDEAL"

Dear Editor:

Saw some photos of Lonnie Young in another of your publications, "Striparama," and think you should put her in "Satana" instead. After all, she has not been on the stage for some time as a stripper, but the "satanic" quality she has is still there. In addition she is my ideal woman. So I would greatly appreciate seeing any more photos you may have of her.

Thanks...

L.L.R.

Durham, N. C.

"ONE MORE REQUEST"

Dear Sirs:

If you have room to print this letter please grant my request. I would like to see a picture of a dominant... female wearing those terrific spike heels. Six or seven inches high. If possible.

There is something particularly exciting about those shoes... You should put out a magazine with girls wearing those in every photo.

... V.J.D.

Denver, Col.

(Reader V.J.D. should like our "High Heels" magazine. Next issue will be on the stands next month.

—Ed.)



... LONNIE YOUNG ...

(for L.L.R.)

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a snapshot of my girl friend. She has also written you a note giving you permission to print it if you want to.

She wants to be a pin-up model. The two of us have a lot of fun making pictures of her. She thinks I ought to buy a polaroid so we can see how the pictures come out, right away. I tell her I may someday, but the truth is I would hate to miss the fun of having her help me develop

them in the dark room. Do you blame me? I'm afraid if I let her become a model too many other guys might feel the same way. What's your advice?

Yours truly,

G.T.F.

Miami, Fla.

(Obviously your pretty girl friend is not going to "two-time" you if she hasn't done it by now. Professional models and photographers, in the main, are "Strictly business." If you try to keep her from going into the career she has her heart set on, on the other hand, you may lose her completely. Thanks for the signed release — we must have one before we can print photos of any model, whether amateur or professional.

—Ed.)



(From G.T.F.)

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"SWEATER GIRL"

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a snapshot of my wife taken last summer. I just want to show you a girl does not have to be nude to be sexy. As you can see in this picture, she is wearing a sweater and petticoat but looks more appealing than a lot of your naked models.

There was a time when the "Sweater Girl" was the American ideal. Now nudes seem to be the thing. Even the bathing suits one sees on the beaches these days leave little to the imagination. When will women learn that the unknown excites a man more than the obvious?

Sincerely yours,

P.D.V.

San Francisco



... Mrs. P.D.V. ...

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- 15 - Naja
- 16 - Natasa
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- 18 - Pepper Powell
- 19 - Tee Tee Red
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- 23 - Anita Ventura
- 24 - Patti Waggin
- 25 - Lonnie Young



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. . . AND REMEMBER, FOR THE BEST IN ADULT MAGS, LOOK FOR THE TINY SEL-BEE SIREN ON THE COVER!



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